Buster Brown COMIC BOOK

NO. 25



TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV



McNeil shoes

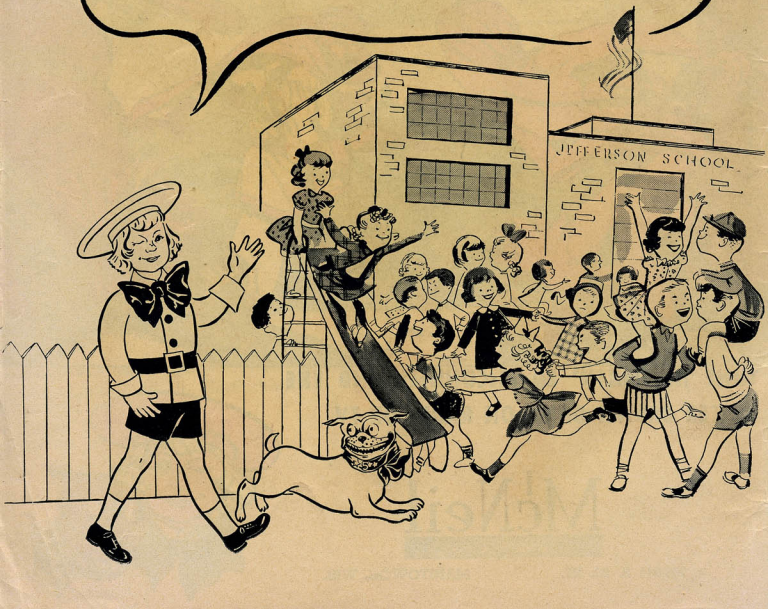
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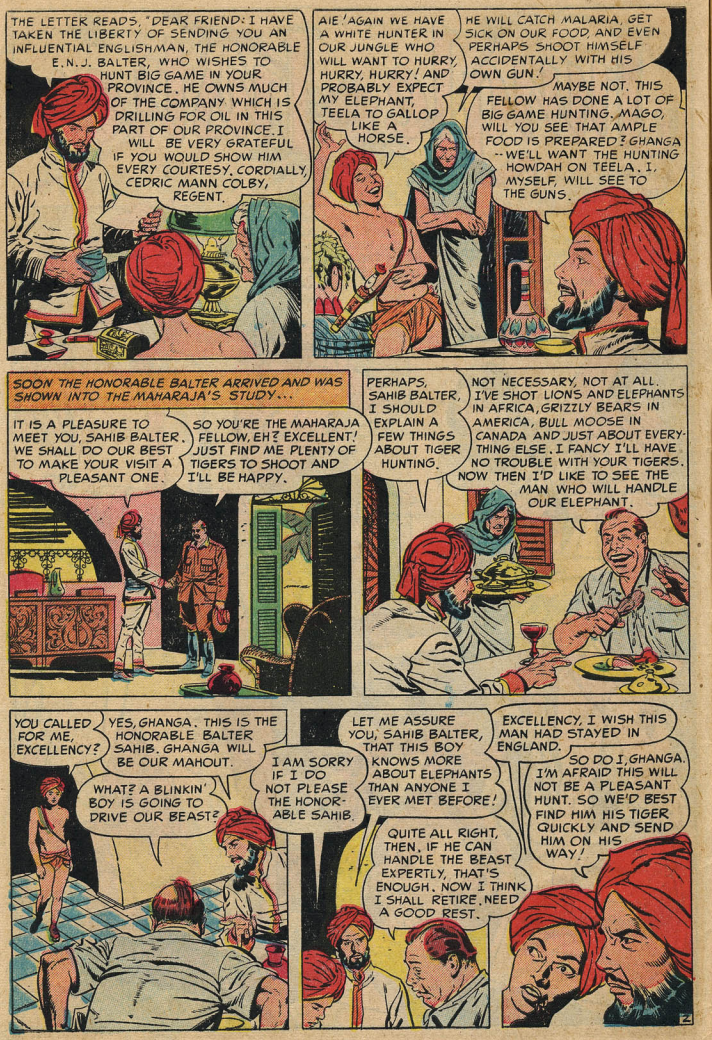
HEY GANG—It's Buster Brown School Days Jamboree time again!

Yesiree kids, it's time to start thinking about going back to school again, and a new pair of shoes is just the thing to get you off to a good start. We've got the best school shoes in town, kids, you bet we have. There are no finer shoes for school anywhere than good old Buster Brown shoes.

The name of your nearest Buster Brown dealer is on the front cover of this book. Ask mom to take you there right away.




Jungle Justice
WE ARE IN THE STUDY OF THE KINDLY YOUNG MAHARAJA, WHO RULES THE PROVINCE OF BAKORE IN INDIA. HE SPEAKS TO HIS GOOD FRIENDS, OLD MAGO, A TRUSTED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT, AND YOUNG GHANGA, HIS FAVORITE MAHOUT, A TRAINER AND DRIVER OF ELEPHANTS...
MAGO AND GHANGA, I CALLED YOU HERE TO READ A LETTER TO YOU WHICH I HAVE RECEIVED FROM THE ENGLISH REGENT. I WILL NEED YOUR HELP, BOTH OF YOU... IN CARRYING OUT HIS WISHES.


THE LETTER READS, "DEAR FRIEND: I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF SENDING YOU AN INFLUENTIAL ENGLISHMAN, THE HONORABLE E.N.J. BALTER, WHO WISHES TO HUNT BIG GAME IN YOUR PROVINCE. HE OWNS MUCH OF THE COMPANY WHICH IS DRILLING FOR OIL IN THIS PART OF OUR PROVINCE. I WILL BE VERY GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD SHOW HIM EVERY COURTESY. CORDIALLY, CEDRIC MANN COLBY, REGENT.
AIE! AGAIN WE HAVE A WHITE HUNTER IN OUR JUNGLE WHO WILL WANT TO HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! AND PROBABLY EXPECT MY ELEPHANT, TEELA TO GALLOP LIKE A HORSE.
HE WILL CATCH MALARIA, GET SICK ON OUR FOOD AND EVEN PERHAPS SHOOT HIMSELF ACCIDENTALLY WITH HIS OWN GUN!
MAYBE NOT. THIS FELLOW HAS DONE A LOT OF BIG GAME HUNTING. MAGO, WILL YOU SEE THAT AMPLE FOOD IS PREPARED? GHANGA -- WE'LL WANT THE HUNTING HOWDAH ON TEELA. I, MYSELF, WILL SEE TO THE GUNS.
SOON THE HONORABLE BALTER ARRIVED AND WAS SHOWN INTO THE MAHARAJA'S STUDY...
IT IS A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, SAHIB BALTER. WE SHALL DO OUR BEST TO MAKE YOUR VISIT A PLEASANT ONE.
SO YOU'RE THE MAHARAJA FELLOW, EH? EXCELLENT! JUST FIND ME PLENTY OF TIGERS TO SHOOT AND I'LL BE HAPPY.
PERHAPS, SAHIB BALTER, I SHOULD EXPLAIN A FEW THINGS ABOUT TIGER HUNTING.
NOT NECESSARY, NOT AT ALL. I'VE SHOT LION'S AND ELEPHANTS IN AFRICA, GRIZZLY BEARS IN AMERICA, BULL MOOSE IN CANADA AND JUST ABOUT EVERY-THING ELSE. I FANCY I'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH YOUR TIGERS. NOW THEN I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAN WHO WILL HANDLE OUR ELEPHANT.
YOU CALLED FOR ME, EXCELLENCY?
YES, GHANGA. THIS IS THE HONORABLE BALTER SAHIB. GHANGA WILL BE OUR MAHOUT.
WHAT? A BLINKIN' BOY IS GOING TO DRIVE OUR BEAST?
I AM SORRY IF I DO NOT PLEASE THE HONOR-ABLE SAHIB.
LET ME ASSURE YOU, SAHIB BALTER, THAT THIS BOY KNOWS MORE ABOUT ELEPHANTS THAN ANYONE I EVER MET BEFORE!
QUITE ALL RIGHT, THEN. IF HE CAN HANDLE THE BEAST EXPERTLY, THAT'S ENOUGH. NOW I THINK I SHALL RETIRE. NEED A GOOD REST.
EXCELLENCY, I WISH THIS MAN HAD STAYED IN ENGLAND.
SO DO I, GHANGA. I'M AFRAID THIS WILL NOT BE A PLEASANT HUNT. SO WE'D BEST FIND HIM HIS TIGER QUICKLY AND SEND HIM ON HIS WAY!


THE HUNTING PARTY MOVED OUT AT DAWN, AND SOON WAS DEEP IN THE JUNGLE. GHANGA, SHARP EYED AND JUNGLE WISE, MISSED NOTHING ABOUT THEM, AND HE OFTEN HALTED TEELA TO POINT OUT SOMETHING OF SPECIAL INTEREST...
EXCELLENCY--LOOK! ARE THEY NOT BEAUTIFUL?
SEE, SAHIB BALTER, THEY ARE CHITAL-- OUR SPOTTED DEER.
INSTANTLY, THE HONORABLE BALTER THREW HIS HEAVY HUNTING RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER AND POURED DEATH INTO THE HARMLESS CREATURES.
NO! DON'T SHOOT!--OH--
BANG! BANG!
IT HAD NOT TAKEN LONG FOR SAHIB BALTER TO SHOW HIS TRUE COLORS. GHANGA AND THE MAHARAJA REALIZED AT ONCE THEY WERE HUNTING NOT WITH A SPORTSMAN--BUT A BUTCHER!
5


SAHIB BALTER! WHY DID YOU SHOOT THOSE BEAUTIFUL CREATURES? IT WAS NEEDLESS SLAUGHTER!
PAH! WHAT GOOD ARE WILD ANIMALS EXCEPT TO SHOOT. AND I HOPE YOU NOTICED.. ALL THREE WERE PERFECT HEART SHOTS. I NEVER MISS.
EXCELLENCY--AT LEAST LET ME DRESS THE DEER. WE WILL SOON PASS A VILLAGE AND THE PEOPLE WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE FRESH MEAT.
FINALLY, GREAT TEELA, MOVING STEADILY THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE, BROUGHT THEM INTO TIGER COUNTRY. NOW THERE ARE THREE WAYS TO HUNT TIGERS. ONE FROM THE BACK OF AN ELEPHANT, ANOTHER, FROM A PLATFORM IN A TREE, CALLED A MACHAN, AND THE THIRD AND MOST DANGEROUS WAY, ON FOOT. IT WAS GHANGA, WHO HURRIED BACK TO CAMP TO TELL THE MAHARAJA HE HAD FOUND THE "PUG-MARKS" OR TRACKS OF A BIG TIGER IN THE TANGLED UNDERGROWTH NEARBY.
HUNTING A TIGER ON FOOT IS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS. HOWEVER, IF SAHIB BALTER WISHES..
OF COURSE! I'VE HUNTED LIONS AFOOT -- WHY NOT TIGERS? WE'LL START NOW!
HERE IS THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAIL, EXCELLENCY. THE TIGER IS MOVING UP THE RAVINE!
AND HE IS A BIG FELLOW, YOUNG, TOO, BY THE SHAPE OF HIS PUG-MARK.
GOOD! GOOD! LET'S FOLLOW AT ONCE. PERHAPS I'LL GET A SNAP-SHOT AT HIM!
THERE WILL BE NO SNAP-SHOOTING, SAHIB BALTER. WHEN WE SHOOT A TIGER WE MUST KILL IT, FOR A WOUNDED TIGER IS A TERRIBLE BEAST!
JUST GIVE ME A LOOK AT THE CAT -- I'LL BRING IT DOWN FOR YOU!
TIGER, EXCELLENCY! YOU CAN JUST SEE HIS HIND LEG -- AHEAD THERE!
YES, GHANGA, I SEE HIM. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT NOW FOR THE RIGHT SHOT.
WHERE IS HE? I'LL GET THE BEGGAR!
4


WISE IN THE WAYS OF MEN, THE GREAT CAT DOES NOT WAIT FOR THE RIGHT SHOT. THERE IS ONLY A FLASH OF ORANGE FUR AS THE TIGER GLIDES AWAY, BUT THIS IS TARGET ENOUGH FOR THE BALTER SAHIB.
I SEE HIM! THERE!
NO! NO! DON'T!
BEFORE THE ECHO OF BALTER'S GUN DIES AWAY, THE DEADLY BEAST IS GONE. AND THERE IS ONLY SILENCE. AND SOMEWHERE IN THAT SILENCE MOVES THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL ANIMALS -- A WOUNDED TIGER!
YOU FOOL -- WHY DID YOU DO THAT? NOW THERE'S A WOUNDED CAT LOOSE IN THE JUNGLE, AND NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO! YOU CAN'T KILL A TIGER BY SHOOTING HIM IN THE LEG!
COME, COME... DON'T MAKE SUCH A FUSS. LET'S GET ON HIS TRAIL.
IT'S TOO LATE NOW -- WE'LL RETURN TO CAMP FOR THE NIGHT. WE WILL TAKE UP THE TIGER'S TRAIL TOMORROW AND STAY ON IT UNTIL WE KILL THIS LAMED ANIMAL. THEN, SAHIB BALTER, YOU ARE GETTING OUT OF MY PROVINCE, WHETHER THE REGENT LIKES IT OR NOT. WE HAVE NO ROOM HERE FOR A BUTCHER.
5

...THEN, ONE DAY NEAR THEIR VILLAGE, OLD KALMUT AND HIS DAUGHTER BAGHWA CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE TO CUT TENDER GRASSES AND LEAVES TO FEED THEIR BULLOCK.

THIS GRASS IS GOOD, DAUGHTER! IT WILL MAKE OUR BULLOCK STRONG AND FAT!

INDEED IT WILL, FATHER. WE WILL TAKE MANY BUNDLES TO THE VILLAGE.

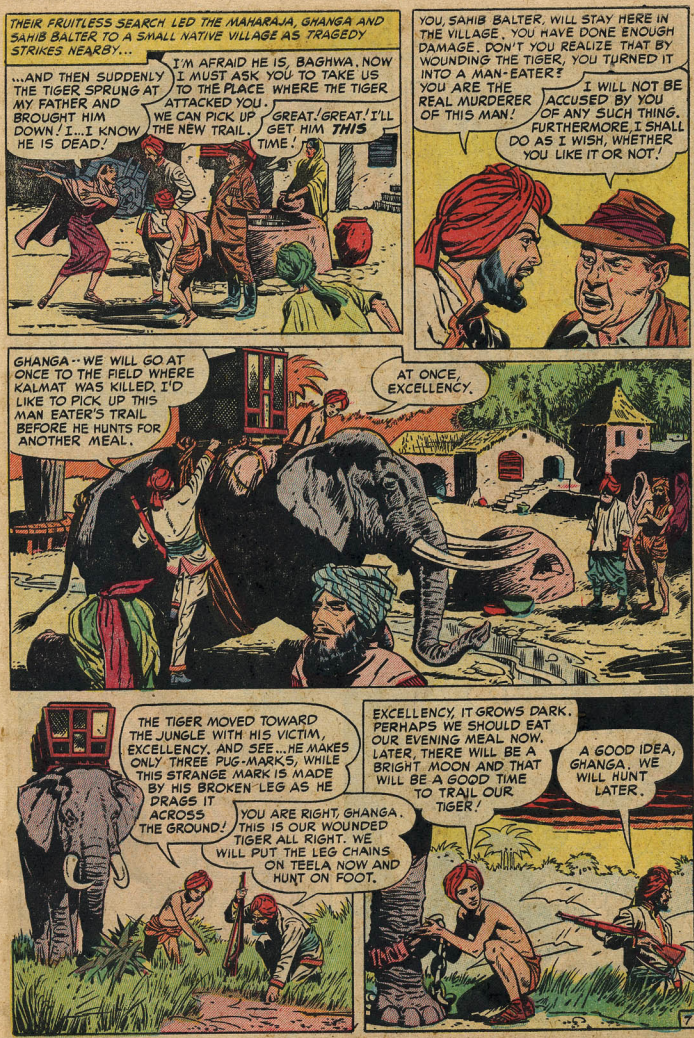
THE WOUNDED TIGER, RAVENOUS AFTER THREE DAYS WITHOUT FOOD, HUNTS! AND BECAUSE HE MUST MOVE SLOWLY WITH HIS WOUNDS, HE HUNTS THE SLOWEST OF ALL GAME..... **MAN!** CARELESS SHOOTING BY SAHIB BALTER HAS TURNED ANOTHER TIGER INTO A MAN-EATER!

FATHER! THAT NOISE... IT'S A TIGER... THERE!

RUN, BAGHWA! RUN!

WITH A DEEP THROATY ROAR THE WOUNDED TIGER LEAPS AT OLD KALMAT...

THERE IS A STIFLED CRY FROM THE OLD VILLAGER.. AND THEN SILENCE. AS THE GREAT CAT CROUCHES OVER HIS PREY, BAGHWA RUNS TO THE VILLAGE IN TERROR...


THEIR FRUITLESS SEARCH LED THE MAHARAJA, GHANGA AND SAHIB BALTER TO A SMALL NATIVE VILLAGE AS TRAGEDY STRIKES NEARBY...
...AND THEN SUDDENLY THE TIGER SPRUNG AT MY FATHER AND BROUGHT HIM DOWN! I...I KNOW HE IS DEAD!
I'M AFRAID HE IS, BAGHWA. NOW I MUST ASK YOU TO TAKE US TO THE PLACE WHERE THE TIGER ATTACKED YOU. WE CAN PICK UP THE NEW TRAIL.
GREAT! GREAT! I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!
YOU, SAHIB BALTER, WILL STAY HERE IN THE VILLAGE. YOU HAVE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE. DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT BY WOUNDING THE TIGER, YOU TURNED IT INTO A MAN-EATER? YOU ARE THE REAL MURDERER OF THIS MAN!
I WILL NOT BE ACCUSED BY YOU OF ANY SUCH THING. FURTHERMORE, I SHALL DO AS I WISH, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!
GHANGA -- WE WILL GO AT ONCE TO THE FIELD WHERE KALMAT WAS KILLED. I'D LIKE TO PICK UP THIS MAN EATER'S TRAIL BEFORE HE HUNTS FOR ANOTHER MEAL.
AT ONCE, EXCELLENCY.
THE TIGER MOVED TOWARD THE JUNGLE WITH HIS VICTIM, EXCELLENCY. AND SEE...HE MAKES ONLY THREE PUG-MARKS, WHILE THIS STRANGE MARK IS MADE BY HIS BROKEN LEG AS HE DRAGS IT ACROSS THE GROUND!
YOU ARE RIGHT, GHANGA. THIS IS OUR WOUNDED TIGER ALL RIGHT. WE WILL PUT THE LEG CHAINS ON TEELA NOW AND HUNT ON FOOT.
EXCELLENCY, IT GROWS DARK. PERHAPS WE SHOULD EAT OUR EVENING MEAL NOW. LATER, THERE WILL BE A BRIGHT MOON AND THAT WILL BE A GOOD TIME TO TRAIL OUR TIGER!
A GOOD IDEA, GHANGA. WE WILL HUNT LATER.
7


AS GHANGA PREDICTED, THE MOON CAME UP BRIGHTLY, AND A FEW HOURS AFTER THEIR EVENING MEAL SAW THEM HARD ON THE TRAIL OF THE TIGER. GHANGA'S KEEN EYES FOLLOWED THE PUG-MARKS EASILY...
GHANGA... I'M AFRAID YOU'VE LOST THE TRAIL.
NO, EXCELLENCY. SEE... IT IS VERY FAINT-- BUT IT IS A FRESH PUG-MARK.
WAIT, EXCELLENCY. I HEAR OUR TIGER. I THINK HE IS ON THAT LEDGE.
EXCELLENCY! LOOK... UNDER THE LEDGE! THE BALTER SAHIB!
BALTER! GET OUT OF THERE! YOU'LL BE KILLED! THE TIGER...!
8


BALTER WHIRLS AT THE WARNING GROWL OF THE MAN-EATER CROUCHED ABOVE HIM...
...AND AS HE TURNS TO RUN, STRIPED DEATH DROPS UPON HIM FROM THE SHADOWED ROCKS!
CAREFUL, GHANGA!
BUT THE MAHARAJA IS THE FINEST MARKSMAN IN ALL INDIA, AND EVEN AS THE RAGING TIGER SPRINGS FOR HIS KILL, THE HEAVY 45-70 SLUG SCREAMS AWAY...


THE TIGER IS DEAD, EXCELLENCY! NO OTHER HUNTER COULD HAVE MADE THE SHOT THAT KILLED HIM!
IT WAS A FORTUNATE SHOT, GHANGA -- BUT I AM AFRAID BALTER IS BADLY HURT!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE MAHARAJA GRAVELY COVERS THE STILL FORM OF THE BALTER SAHIB.
BALTER IS DEAD, GHANGA.
IT IS BAD FOR ME TO SAY, EXCELLENCY, BUT I THINK HE DESERVED IT.
I BELIEVE YOU ARE RIGHT, GHANGA. HIS COWARDLY SHOOTING AT ANYTHING THAT MOVED IN THE JUNGLE PROVED HIM NO TRUE HUNTER. BY CARELESSLY WOUNDING THIS TIGER HE MADE IT A MAN-EATER, AND INDIRECTLY BROUGHT ABOUT HIS OWN DEATH. A CRUEL MAN, SOONER OR LATER, MEETS WITH EVEN GREATER CRUELTY.

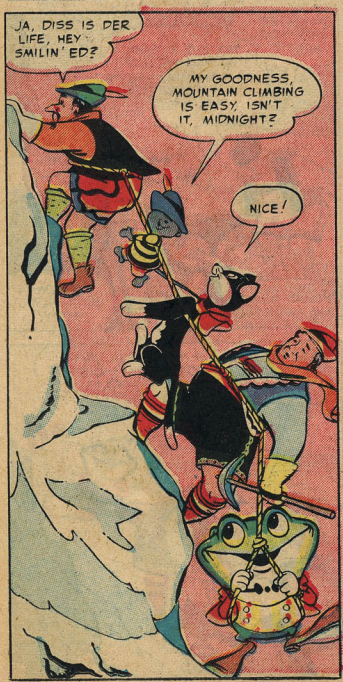
SMILIN' ED AND HIS GANG

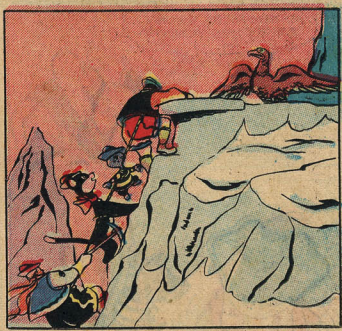
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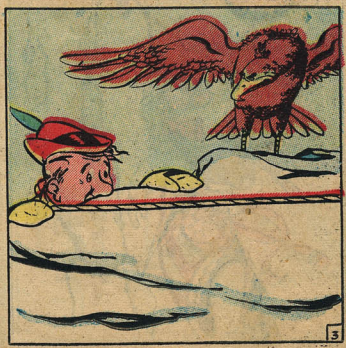


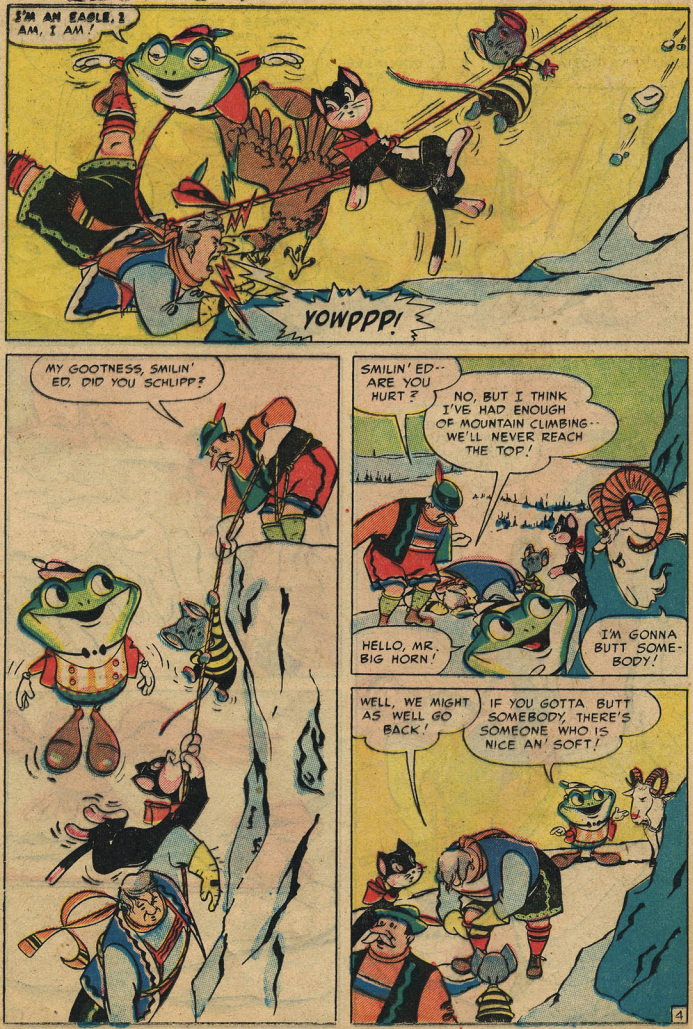

YOU ZEE, SMILIN' ED? DIS IS ZUN VALLEY!
MY GOODNESS! COLD, ISN'T IT!
I'M GOING TO MAKE A FAT SNOW MAN LIKE SMILIN' BO, I AM, I AM!
JA, SMILIN' ED, VE VILL SCHTART THE WACATION TOMORROW BY CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN!
WILL WE? MY GOODNESS. I'D JUST AS SOON CLIMB RIGHT BACK INTO THIS CHAIR!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
COME! ONVARD! DOTS DER SCHTUFF. VE CLIMB A MOUNTAIN!
F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-FI-FI-FI-FI-FI-FI--OH, NUTS. GOOD!
AND SO SMILIN' ED AND HIS GANG GO MOUNTAIN CLIMBING...
2


NOW -- VE SCHTICK TOGEDDER, UND VE CLIMB STRAIGHT UP. IF ANYBODY SCHLIPS UND FALLS, VE GOTTA HOLD HIM.
I WISH I COULD SEE WHERE I'M GOING.
GOODNESS, I WONDER IF THIS ISN'T A LITTLE TOO DANGEROUS.
SMILIN' ED IS ALMOST AS BIG AS A MOUNTAIN; HE IS, HE IS.

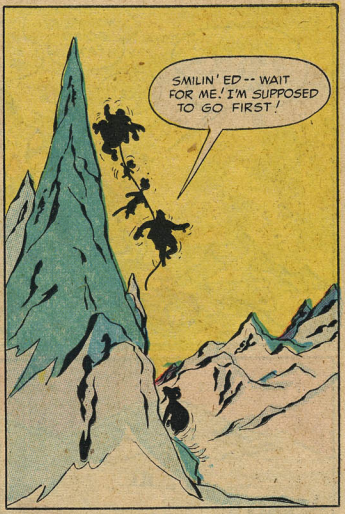

JA, DISS IS DER LIFE, HEY SMILIN' ED?
MY GOODNESS, MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IS EASY, ISN'T IT, MIDNIGHT?
NICE!

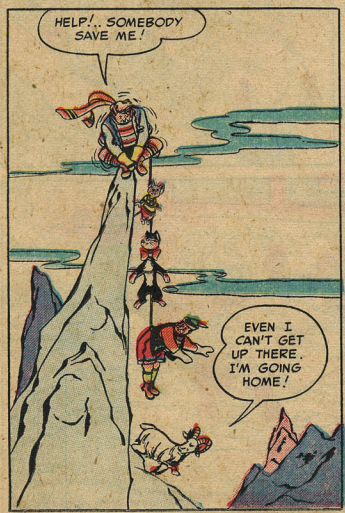




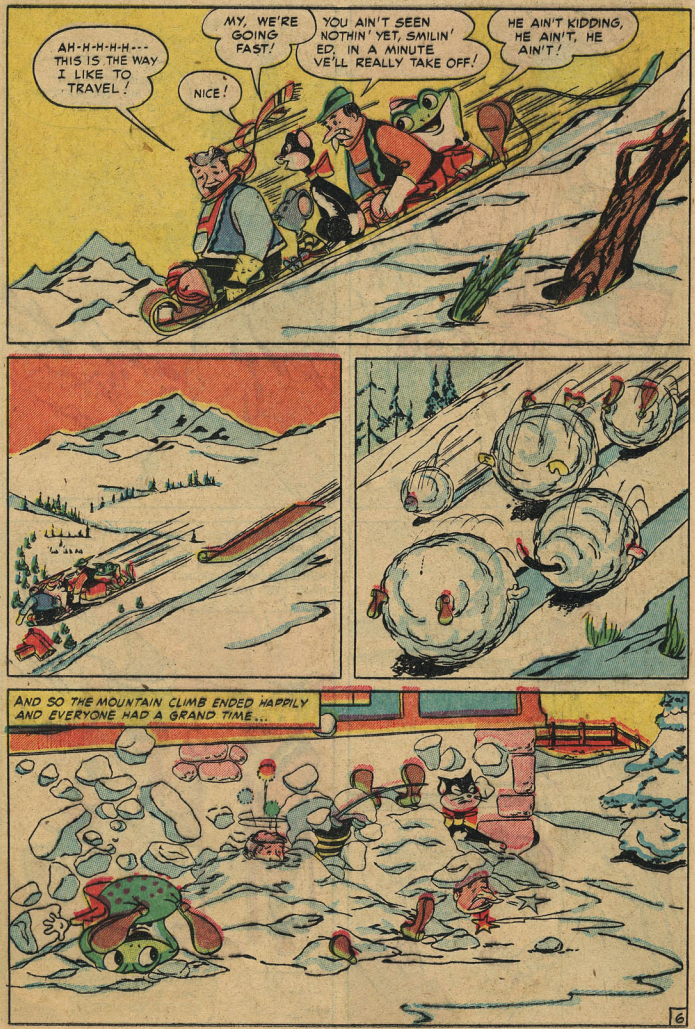

I'M AN EAGLE, I AM, I AM!
YOWPPP!
MY GOOTNESS, SMILIN' ED, DID YOU SCHLIPP?
SMILIN' ED--ARE YOU HURT?
NO, BUT I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING--WE'LL NEVER REACH THE TOP!
HELLO, MR. BIG HORN!
I'M GONNA BUTT SOMEBODY!
WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK!
IF YOU GOTTA BUTT SOMEBODY, THERE'S SOMEONE WHO IS NICE AN' SOFT!
4

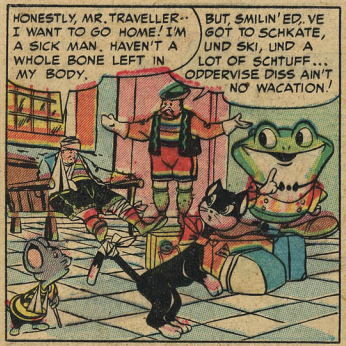

HEY! VERE ARE YOU GOINK?


SMILIN' ED -- WAIT FOR ME! I'M SUPPOSED TO GO FIRST!


HELP!.. SOMEBODY SAVE ME!
EVEN I CAN'T GET UP THERE. I'M GOING HOME!

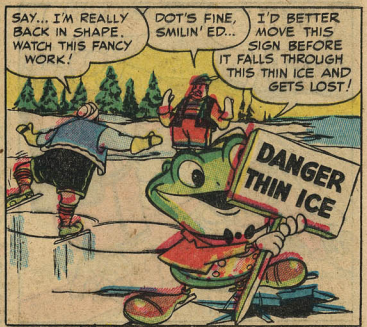

OH, MY GOOTNESS, SMILIN' ED-- VE ARE SO LUCKY: SOMEBODY LEFT A TOBOGGAN LYING HERE. NOW VE DON'T HAVE TO WALK
I HOPE I CAN SIT ON IT!
I'M AFRAID TH!S TOBOGGAN WILL GO TOO FAST. I'D BETTER ANCHOR IT.


AH-H-H-H-H--- THIS IS THE WAY I LIKE TO TRAVEL!
NICE!
MY, WE'RE GOING FAST!
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET, SMILIN' ED, IN A MINUTE WE'LL REALLY TAKE OFF!
HE AIN'T KIDDING, HE AIN'T, HE AIN'T!
AND SO THE MOUNTAIN CLIMB ENDED HAPPILY AND EVERYONE HAD A GRAND TIME...

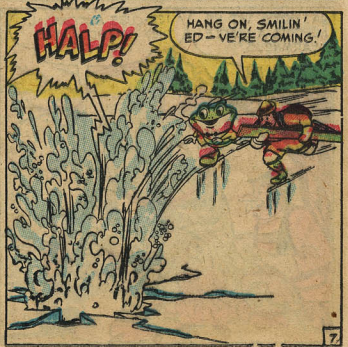

HONESTLY, MR. TRAVELLER-- I WANT TO GO HOME! I'M A SICK MAN. HAVEN'T A WHOLE BONE LEFT IN MY BODY.
BUT, SMILIN' ED, VE GOT TO SCHKATE, LUND SKI, UND A LOT OF SCHTUFF... ODDERVISE DISS AIN'T NO WACATION!

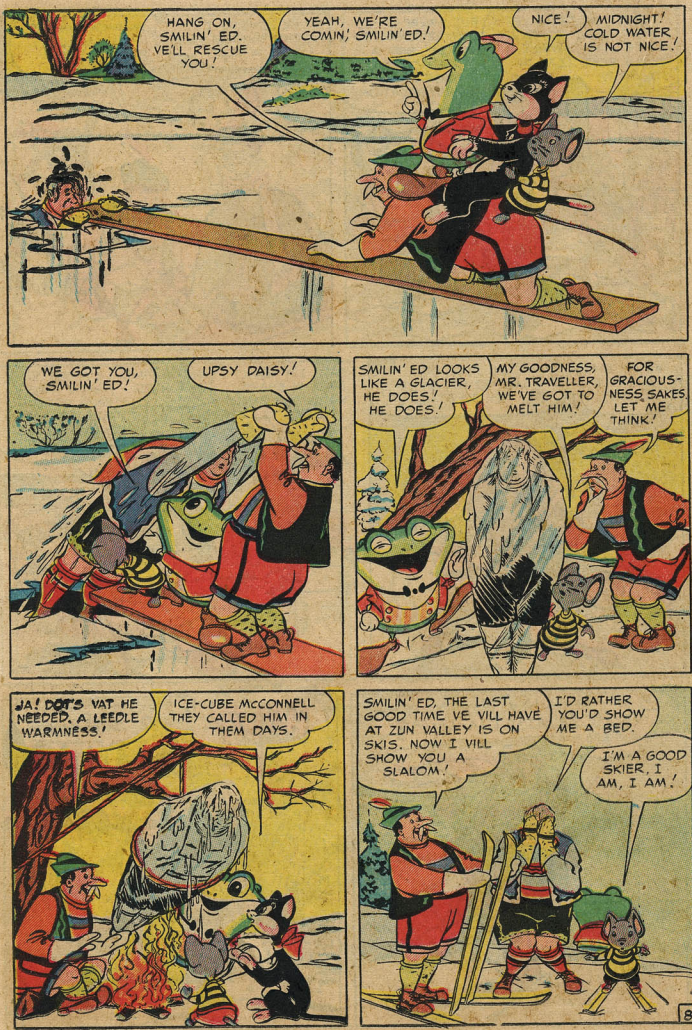

MY GOODNESS, I HAVEN'T SKATED SINCE I WAS A BOY!
IN TWO MINUTES IT VILL ALL COME BACK TO YOU, SMILIN' ED.


MY, MY, I FEEL A LITTLE CLUMSY!
JA.. YOU FEEL THE SAME TO ME, SMILIN' ED. TRY TO STAND UP!


SAY... I'M REALLY BACK IN SHAPE. WATCH THIS FANCY WORK!
DOT'S FINE, SMILIN' ED...
I'D BETTER MOVE THIS SIGN BEFORE IT FALLS THROUGH THIS THIN ICE AND GETS LOST!
DANGER THIN ICE


TRA-LA-LA-LA TRA-LA-
LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-


HALP!
HANG ON, SMILIN' ED — VE'RE COMING!


HANG ON, SMILIN' ED. WE'LL RESCUE YOU!
YEAH, WE'RE COMIN', SMILIN' ED!
NICE!
MIDNIGHT! COLD WATER IS NOT NICE!
WE GOT YOU, SMILIN' ED!
UPSY DAISY!
SMILIN' ED LOOKS LIKE A GLACIER, HE DOES! HE DOES!
MY GOODNESS, MR. TRAVELLER, WE'VE GOT TO MELT HIM!
FOR GRACIOUSNESS SAKES LET ME THINK!
JA! DOT'S VAT HE NEEDED, A LEEDLE WARMNESS!
ICE-CUBE McCONNELL THEY CALLED HIM IN THEM DAYS.
SMILIN' ED, THE LAST GOOD TIME VE VILL HAVE AT ZUN VALLEY IS ON SKIS. NOW I VILL SHOW YOU A SLALOM!
I'D RATHER YOU'D SHOW ME A BED.
I'M A GOOD SKIER, I AM, I AM!

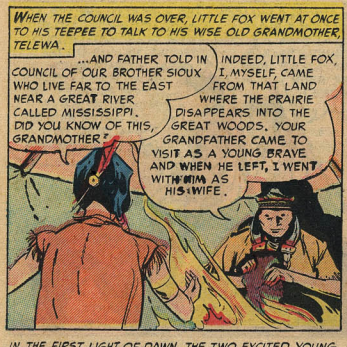


Squeekie The Mouse, Midnight The Cat, Froggy The Gremlin, and Grandpa The Piano
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LITTLE FOX



IN THE GREAT COUNCIL LODGE OF THE DAKOTA SIOUX, RUNNING WOLF, CHIEF OF THE CAMP SPEAKS OF IMPORTANT MATTERS, AND NONE LISTEN MORE CLOSELY THAN HIS OWN SON, LITTLE FOX, AND HIS FRIEND, STRONG BOW.





IN THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN, THE TWO EXCITED YOUNG BRAVES FINALLY REACH THE TEEPEE OF OLD TELEWA...



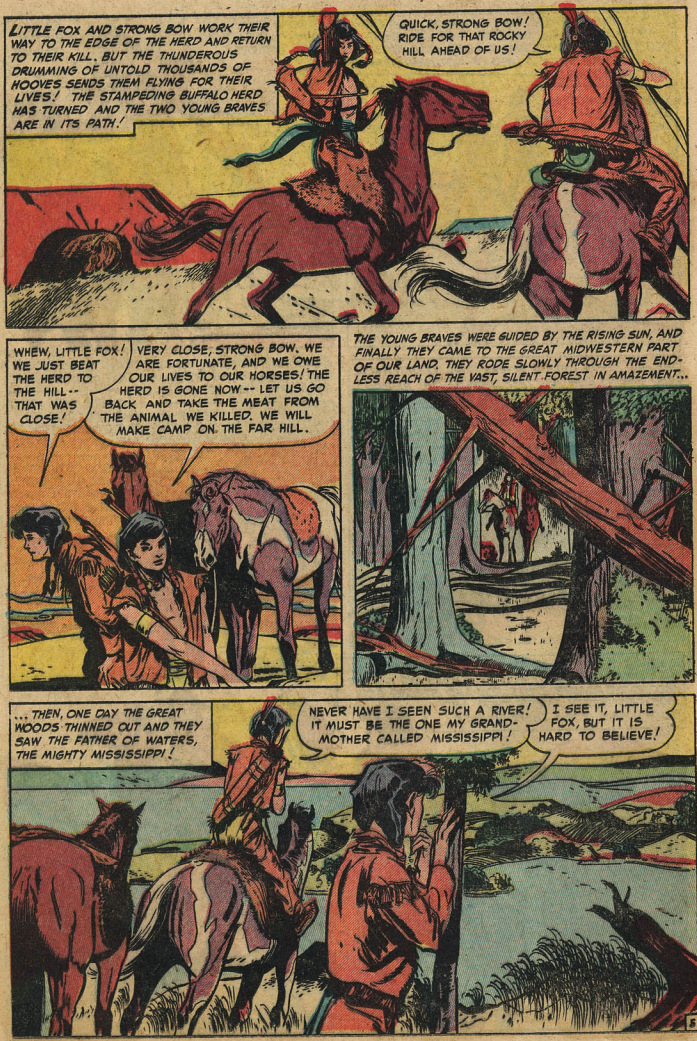







AND SO LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW START ON A JOURNEY WHICH WILL TAKE THEM HUNDREDS OF MILES TO THE EAST, FOR AMONG THE DAKOTA, YOUNG MEN WHO WERE REALLY NO MORE THAN BOYS WERE CAREFULLY TRAINED TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEMSELVES...
AT LAST!... AT LAST WE ARE ON OUR JOURNEY, LITTLE FOX!
YES!.. AND WHEN WE RETURN TO OUR CAMP, WE WILL BE CALLED BRAVES!
LOOK, STRONG BOW! LOOK AT THAT HUGE BLACK CLOUD! I THINK A STORM IS COMING... SUCH A STORM AS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!
WE MUST SEEK SHELTER AT ONCE, LITTLE FOX! DID NOT YOUR GRANDMOTHER, OLD TELEWA, TELL US OF THE GREAT STORMS WHICH BRING FLASH FLOODS TO THE PRAIRIE? WE WOULD DROWN IF THE WATER RUSHED OVER THIS LOW GROUND.
YOU ARE RIGHT, STRONG BOW! WE MUST TRY TO REACH THAT HIGH GROUND AHEAD!
WAIT!.. THAT IS NOT A GREAT CLOUD -- IT ONLY APPEARS TO BE A CLOUD... WE HAVE COME TO THE BLACK HILLS!
NOW WE CAN HUNT! THE FOOD WE BROUGHT IS ALMOST GONE!
SOON THE MATCHLESS WOODCRAFT OF THE DAKOTA AND THEIR UNERRING BOWS BRING LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW THE FRESH MEAT THAT WILL SEE THEM THROUGH ANOTHER PART OF THEIR JOURNEY.
3


TO THE YOUNG BRAVES, THE BAD LANDS SEEM ENDLESS, AND IT IS WELL FOR THEM THEY FOLLOWED OLD TELEWA'S ADVICE AND CARRIED FULL WATER SKINS. IT WAS TRULY A LAND OF NOTHING--THAT IS, ALMOST NOTHING...
YOUR GRANDMOTHER SPOKE TRULY—THESE ARE BAD LANDS!
IT WILL BE GOOD TO LEAVE THIS PLACE, STRONG BOW. SUCH BARRENNESS SADDENS ME!
STRONG BOW! LOOK OUT! THE RATTLING ONE STRIKES!
AWAY, BROWN FEATHER!
EARLY NEXT MORNING, THE TWO YOUNG BRAVES REACH A BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE PLAINS THAT SEEM COVERED BY A VAST TIDE OF BUFFALO!
THE BAD LANDS WERE A SEVERE TRIAL TO LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW AND THEY LEARNED THAT EVEN WHERE NOTHING SEEMED TO LIVE, DANGER COULD BE CLOSE!
I AM GLAD THIS IS OUR LAST CAMP IN THESE BAD LANDS--TOMORROW WE SHOULD REACH THE PLAINS!
NOT ONLY THAT, STRONG BOW... THAT HERD OF BUFFALO WE SIGHTED ON THE PLAIN BELOW... TOMORROW WE WILL HUNT!
THERE THEY ARE, STRONG BOW! WE WILL RIDE TO THE FRONT OF THE HERD, PICK OUT A FAT COW, AND CUT HER AWAY FROM THE REST!
GOOD! YOU TAKE HER RIGHT SIDE... AND WE'LL FEAST ON BUFFALO HUMP THIS EVENING!
THE HUNT IS ON! THE BUFFALO HERD IS FRIGHTENED BY THE SCREECHING MAN-THINGS ON HORSES AND THUNDERS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE. LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW RIDE FEARLESSLY AMONG THEM AND SOON BRING DOWN THEIR DINNER!


LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW WORK THEIR WAY TO THE EDGE OF THE HERD AND RETURN TO THEIR KILL. BUT THE THUNDEROUS DRUMMING OF UNTOLD THOUSANDS OF HOOVES SENDS THEM FLYING FOR THEIR LIVES! THE STAMPEDING BUFFALO HERD HAS TURNED AND THE TWO YOUNG BRAVES ARE IN ITS PATH!
QUICK, STRONG BOW! RIDE FOR THAT ROCKY HILL AHEAD OF US!
WHEW, LITTLE FOX! WE JUST BEAT THE HERD TO THE HILL -- THAT WAS CLOSE!
VERY CLOSE, STRONG BOW. WE ARE FORTUNATE, AND WE OWE OUR LIVES TO OUR HORSES! THE HERD IS GONE NOW -- LET US GO BACK AND TAKE THE MEAT FROM THE ANIMAL WE KILLED. WE WILL MAKE CAMP ON THE FAR HILL.
THE YOUNG BRAVES WERE GUIDED BY THE RISING SUN, AND FINALLY THEY CAME TO THE GREAT MIDWESTERN PART OF OUR LAND. THEY RODE SLOWLY THROUGH THE END-LESS REACH OF THE VAST, SILENT FOREST IN AMAZEMENT...
... THEN, ONE DAY THE GREAT WOODS THINNED OUT AND THEY SAW THE FATHER OF WATERS, THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI!
NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A RIVER! IT MUST BE THE ONE MY GRAND-MOTHER CALLED MISSISSIPPI!
I SEE IT, LITTLE FOX, BUT IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE!


LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW RIDE DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE AND LEAVE THEIR HORSES TIED NEAR THE BANK.
LITTLE FOX!.. WHAT IS THAT... UPON THE WATERS OF THE RIVER?
I DO NOT KNOW... BUT SEE... THREE WARRIORS RIDE UPON IT! BACK! BACK TO THE BRUSH!
STRONG BOW... WHAT A STRANGE THING! A GREAT FISH... AND THE WARRIORS RIDE IT!
BUT SEE... THE WARRIORS SEEM TO BEAT AT IT WITH CLUBS THEY CARRY--THEY DO NOT RIDE IT! THEY ARE FIGHTING THE FISH!
OF COURSE, WHAT THE INDIAN BOYS REALLY SAW ACROSS THE GREAT RIVER WAS A BEAUTIFUL BIRCH-BARK CANOE, SPEEDING DOWN THE RIVER UNDER THE POWERFUL PADDLE THRUSTS OF THE WARRIORS. BUT NEVER HAVING SEEN OR HEARD OF ONE, THEY IMMEDIATELY DECIDED IT MUST BE A GREAT FISH!
STRONG BOW... THAT IS BAD MEDICINE! THAT IS NO ORDINARY FISH... IT MUST BE A SPIRIT FISH, AND THOSE WARRIORS ARE ITS CAPTIVES!
PERHAPS WE SHOULD HURRY TO THE CAMP OF OUR BROTHER SIOUX AND WARN THEM!
I AM SORRY THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO TO HELP THOSE WARRIORS CAPTURED BY THE SPIRIT FISH. BY NOW THEY ARE PROBABLY EATEN!
I AM AFRAID SO, LITTLE FOX. BUT TONIGHT WE WILL MAKE A STRONG MEDICINE TO THE GREAT SPIRIT TO HELP THEM.


STRONG BOW!.. THE SPIRIT FISH AGAIN!.. AND THIS TIME IT HAS CAPTURED A GIRL! THIS TIME WE WILL FIGHT IT!
OFF YOUR HORSE, LITTLE FOX--QUICK!


THE TWO YOUNG BRAVES SEND THEIR ARROWS WHIZZING INTO THE "SPIRIT FISH" HOPING TO INFLICT A MORTAL WOUND.


WAIT ON THE BANK TO HELP, STRONG BOW--I'LL SAVE HER!

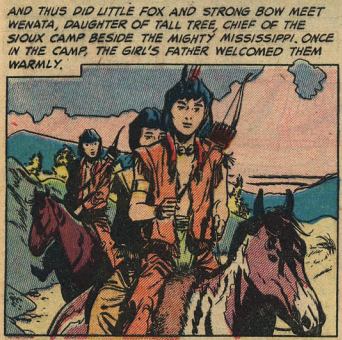

THE BOYS MEAN WELL--BUT THEIR EFFORTS BRING DISASTER.
LITTLE FOX, COME BACK! THE GIRL SWIMS BETTER THAN YOU DO!

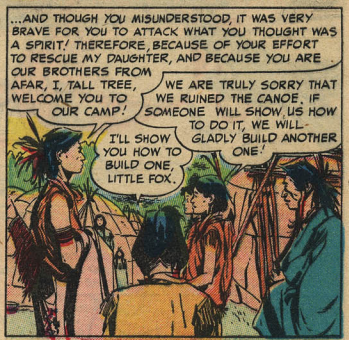

WHAT SORT OF WARRIORS ARE YOU... ATTACKING A WOMAN!
BUT WE ONLY TRIED TO SAVE YOU FROM THE SPIRIT FISH... AND WE DID!
IN ANOTHER MOMENT YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN EATEN!

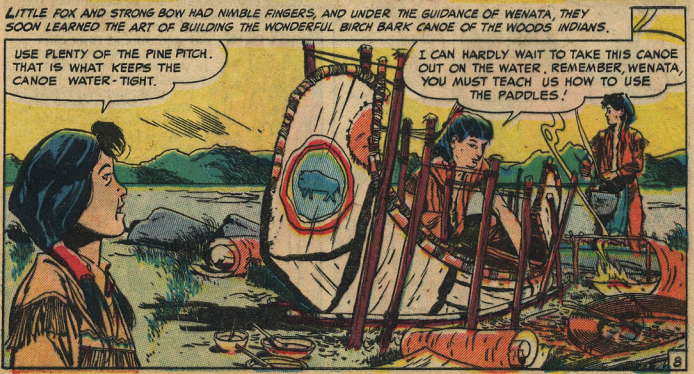

SPIRIT FISH! I WAS RIDING IN A CANOE... A CANOE MADE FROM THE BARK OF A BIRCH TREE!

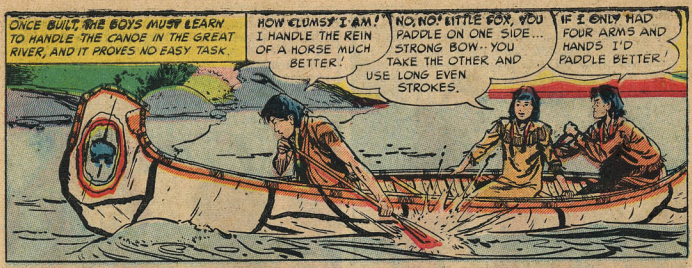

COME... COME TO OUR CAMP. I KNOW BY YOUR DRESS THAT YOU ARE SIOUX, AS ARE WE. MY FATHER WILL WELCOME YOU... EVEN THOUGH YOU KNOW NOTHING OF BIRCH BARK CANOES!

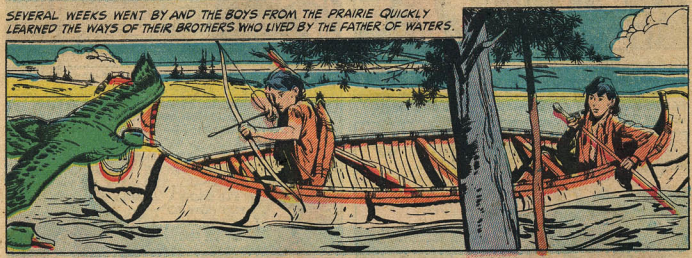

THOUGH IT IS TRUE THAT LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW HAD NEVER SEEN A CANOE BEFORE--IT IS ALSO TRUE THAT THE INDIAN GIRL HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN A HORSE!
OH-H-H-H-- THOSE TERRIBLE BEASTS!
TERRIBLE BEASTS? NO, NO-- THESE ARE OUR HORSES! WE'LL RIDE THEM BACK TO YOUR CAMP.

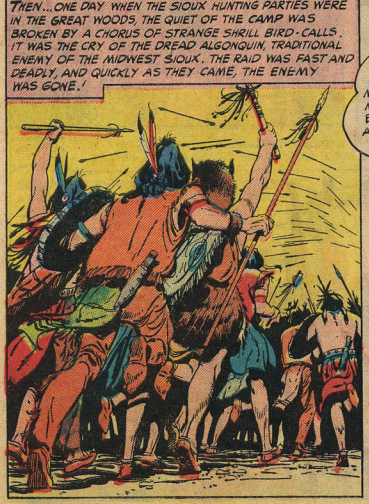

AND THUS DID LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW MEET WENATA, DAUGHTER OF TALL TREE, CHIEF OF THE SIOUX CAMP BESIDE THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI. ONCE IN THE CAMP, THE GIRL'S FATHER WELCOMED THEM WARMLY.

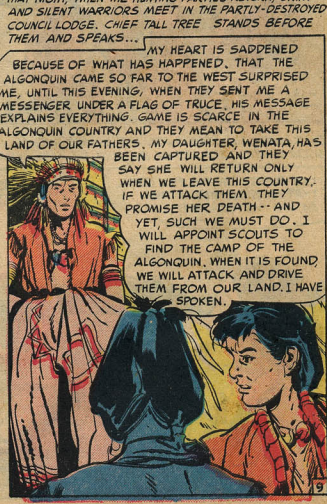

...AND THOUGH YOU MISUNDERSTOOD, IT WAS VERY BRAVE FOR YOU TO ATTACK WHAT YOU THOUGHT WAS A SPIRIT! THEREFORE, BECAUSE OF YOUR EFFORT TO RESCUE MY DAUGHTER, AND BECAUSE YOU ARE OUR BROTHERS FROM AFAR, I, TALL TREE, WELCOME YOU TO OUR CAMP!
WE ARE TRULY SORRY THAT WE RUINED THE CANOE. IF SOMEONE WILL SHOW US HOW TO DO IT, WE WILL GLADLY BUILD ANOTHER ONE!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO BUILD ONE, LITTLE FOX.


LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW HAD NIMBLE FINGERS, AND UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF WENATA, THEY SOON LEARNED THE ART OF BUILDING THE WONDERFUL BIRCH BARK CANOE OF THE WOODS INDIANS.
USE PLENTY OF THE PINE PITCH. THAT IS WHAT KEEPS THE CANOE WATER-TIGHT.
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TAKE THIS CANOE OUT ON THE WATER. REMEMBER, WENATA, YOU MUST TEACH US HOW TO USE THE PADDLES!


ONCE BUILT, THE BOYS MUST LEARN TO HANDLE THE CANOE IN THE GREAT RIVER, AND IT PROVES NO EASY TASK.
HOW CLUMSY I AM! I HANDLE THE REIN OF A HORSE MUCH BETTER!
NO, NO, LITTLE FOX, YOU PADDLE ON ONE SIDE... STRONG BOW--YOU TAKE THE OTHER AND USE LONG EVEN STROKES.
IF I ONLY HAD FOUR ARMS AND HANDS I'D PADDLE BETTER!


SEVERAL WEEKS WENT BY AND THE BOYS FROM THE PRAIRIE QUICKLY LEARNED THE WAYS OF THEIR BROTHERS WHO LIVED BY THE FATHER OF WATERS.


THEN... ONE DAY WHEN THE SIOUX HUNTING PARTIES WERE IN THE GREAT WOODS, THE QUIET OF THE CAMP WAS BROKEN BY A CHORUS OF STRANGE SHRILL BIRD-CALLS. IT WAS THE CRY OF THE DREAD ALGONQUIN, TRADITIONAL ENEMY OF THE MIDWEST SIOUX. THE RAID WAS FAST AND DEADLY, AND QUICKLY AS THEY CAME, THE ENEMY WAS GONE.!


THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE HUNTING PARTIES RETURN, GRIM AND SILENT WARRIORS MEET IN THE PARTLY-DESTROYED COUNCIL LODGE. CHIEF TALL TREE STANDS BEFORE THEM AND SPEAKS...
MY HEART IS SADDENED BECAUSE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED. THAT THE ALGONQUIN CAME SO FAR TO THE WEST SURPRISED ME, UNTIL THIS EVENING, WHEN THEY SENT ME A MESSENGER UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE. HIS MESSAGE EXPLAINS EVERYTHING. GAME IS SCARCE IN THE ALGONQUIN COUNTRY AND THEY MEAN TO TAKE THIS LAND OF OUR FATHERS. MY DAUGHTER, WENATA, HAS BEEN CAPTURED AND THEY SAY SHE WILL RETURN ONLY WHEN WE LEAVE THIS COUNTRY. IF WE ATTACK THEM, THEY PROMISE HER DEATH -- AND YET, SUCH WE MUST DO. I WILL APPOINT SCOUTS TO FIND THE CAMP OF THE ALGONQUIN. WHEN IT IS FOUND WE WILL ATTACK AND DRIVE THEM FROM OUR LAND. I HAVE SPOKEN.


WHEN THE COUNCIL IS OVER, LITTLE FOX HURRIES TO THE GRIM SIOUX CHIEF...
LITTLE FOX... IF I DO NOT DRIVE THE ALGONQUIN FROM OUR LAND, MY PEOPLE WILL BE HOMELESS AND MANY WILL DIE IS IT NOT BETTER THAT ONE PERSON DIES, EVEN THOUGH SHE IS MY DAUGHTER, THAN THAT MANY OF MY PEOPLE DIE? WE WILL ATTACK THE ALGONQUIN AS SOON AS WE FIND THEIR CAMP!
BUT CHIEF TALL TREE -- YOU MUST NOT ATTACK THE ALGONQUIN CAMP. THEY WILL KILL WENATA!
...IT IS TRUE THAT WE CAN MOVE FASTER ON OUR HORSES THAN THE OTHER BRAVES CAN MOVE ON FOOT. BUT WHAT IS YOUR PLAN, LITTLE FOX — WHERE DO WE GO?
UP RIVER, BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY THE ALGONQUIN WENT! WE'LL TRY TO FIND THEIR CAMP. IT MAY BE THAT WE CAN HELP WENATA!
AND SO, UNKNOWN TO THE SIOUX, THE TWO BOYS BRAVELY STARTED OUT. BUT THEY SEARCHED FOR TWO DAYS BEFORE THEY FOUND THE SIGNS THEY SOUGHT...
WHAT IS IT, LITTLE FOX?
WE'VE FOUND IT, STRONG BOW. THERE ARE SO MANY MOCCASIN TRACKS IT MUST BE A TRAIL TO THEIR CAMP. WE MUST MOVE VERY QUIETLY FROM HERE ON.
YOU WERE RIGHT, LITTLE FOX... THIS IS THEIR CAMP, AND LOOK... TIED TO THE POST AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE... IT'S WENATA! WE MUST HELP HER!
WE'LL TRY, STRONG BOW. THE CAMP IS QUIET -- THE ALGONQUIN ARE RESTING AFTER THE NOON MEAL! WE'LL RIDE IN AT A GALLOP AND WHEN THE WARRIORS COME, YOU KEEP THEM BUSY WITH YOUR ARROWS. I'LL TRY TO GET WENATA!

LITTLE FOX HAS LEARNED WELL THE LESSONS TAUGHT HIM BY HIS WARRIOR FATHER, CHIEF RUNNING WOLF. KNOWING THE ALGONQUIN HAVE NEVER BEFORE SEEN HORSES, THE SIOUX BOYS HOPE THE MOMENTARY CONFUSION OF THEIR SUDDEN APPEARANCE WILL GIVE THEM THE PRECIOUS MOMENTS THEY NEED...

REMEMBER, STRONG BOW, IF ONE OF US FALLS WOUNDED, THE OTHER MUST TAKE WENATA AND RIDE HARD!

SHORT SECONDS LATER THE YOUNG BRAVES REACH WENATA. LITTLE FOX LEAPS FROM HIS PLUNGING HORSE AND WITH A SINGLE SLASH OF HIS KNIFE FREES THE CAPTIVE GIRL.

QUICK, LITTLE FOX! THE WARRIORS COME!

THE RAIDING WARRIORS FROM THE EAST QUICKLY RECOVER FROM THEIR FIRST ASTONISHMENT, BUT A BITING STREAM OF ARROWS HOLDS THEM AT BAY. SOON THE THREE SIOUX ARE RACING TO SAFETY!

THE ENRAGED ALGONQUIN GIVE CHASE BUT NO WARRIOR ON FOOT CAN MATCH THE BLAZING SPEED OF THE PRAIRIE-BRED HORSE.


DEEP IN THE GREAT FOREST, LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW STOP TO REST THEIR SPENT HORSES. THEY QUICKLY BUILD A LEAN-TO SHELTER FOR WENATA AND PREPARE TO LEAVE.
HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU BOTH?
DO NOT THANK US. WE HAVE NOT EVEN REPAID YOUR KINDNESS. WE OWE YOU MUCH. YOU WILL BE SAFE HERE UNTIL WE RETURN. WE MUST FIND YOUR FATHER AND GUIDE HIM TO THE ALGONQUIN CAMP.
BACK-TRACKING THROUGH A DENSE PINE GROVE, THE YOUNG SIOUX BRAVES COME UPON CHIEF TALL TREE AND HIS WARRIORS. WAR-MARKINGS ARE PAINTED ON THE FACES AND BODIES OF THE SILENT AVENGERS WHO GATHER CLOSELY TO HEAR THE BOYS' WORDS.
...AND SUCH IS THE ALGONQUIN VILLAGE, CHIEF TALL TREE. IT IS EASILY ATTACKED FROM ALL SIDES!
YOU HAVE DONE GOOD WORK, MY BROTHERS FROM THE WEST. WE WILL MOVE IN A GREAT CIRCLE THROUGH THE FOREST AND SURROUND THE VILLAGE. AT MY SIGNAL, WE ATTACK FROM ALL SIDES!
THAT AFTERNOON, THE SILENCE THAT LAY OVER THE ALGONQUIN CAMP IS BROKEN BY THE SUDDEN SHRILL YAPPING OF A COYOTE. INSTANTLY A THOUSAND WARRIOR THROATS ECHOED THE CALL AND A RAGING TORRENT OF SIOUX BRAVES SWEPT THROUGH THE UNSUSPECTING VILLAGE... AND WHERE THEY PASSED DEATH CAME. IT WAS TO BE MANY YEARS BEFORE THE ALGONQUIN AGAIN VENTURED ON SIOUX GROUND!
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WITH THE ENEMY DRIVEN ACROSS THE RIVER AND OUT OF THE TERRITORY, THE SIOUX RETURNED TO THEIR HIDDEN CANOES AND STARTED THE JOURNEY DOWN RIVER TO THEIR HOME CAMP. LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW RETURN TO WENATA AND THE THREE YOUNG SIOUX FOLLOW THE CANOES ALONG THE RIVER BANKS.

OUR CAMP IS JUST OVER THIS HILL, LITTLE FOX.

THE SUMMER PASSED QUICKLY FOR LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW, AND THEY BECAME SKILLED IN THE WAYS OF THEIR BROTHER SIOUX. THEN ONE DAY, THE GREAT OAKS AND MAPLE TREES NEAR THE RIVER BLAZED WITH THE COLORS OF FALL. THE BEAVER BEGAN TO STORE HIS WINTER FOOD--THE LONG JOURNEY TO THE FAR PRAIRIE MUST BEGIN.

I DO NOT LIKE TO SEE MY FRIENDS LEAVE US. CAN I NOT ASK YOU TO STAY WITH US LONGER?

WE ARE SORRY TO LEAVE WENATA, FOR WE FIND YOUR GREAT FOREST GOOD. BUT SUMMER IS GONE AND WE HAVE MUCH COUNTRY TO COVER BEFORE WE REACH HOME. WE MUST GO NOW OR THE SNOWS OF WINTER WILL FIND US STILL ON THE TRAIL.

THAT NIGHT THE BRAVES DANCE AND CHANT. THE BATTLE SAGAS OF THEIR FIGHTING ANCESTORS. THEN THE CEREMONIAL DRUMS ARE SILENT--CHIEF TALL TREE SPEAKS IN COUNCIL ...

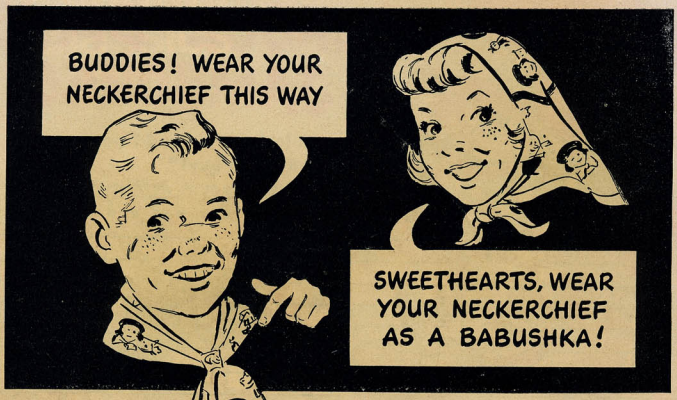
BRAVES OF THE SIOUX. WE GATHER IN THE COUNCIL LODGE TO CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY OVER THE ALGONQUIN, AND TO HONOR THOSE TWO WHO MADE THE VICTORY POSSIBLE. FOR LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW, TWO YOUNG BRAVES OF OUR BROTHER TRIBE TO THE WEST, I HAVE THREE EAGLE FEATHERS, TUFTED AND CRESTED--ONE FOR THEIR COURAGE IN RIDING INTO THE ENEMY CAMP TO RESCUE MY DAUGHTER, WENATA--ONE FOR SCOUTING THE ENEMY AND LEADING US TO THE ATTACK--AND ONE FOR THEIR COURAGE IN BATTLE, FOR I SAY THIS--THAT THESE YOUNG MEN, MOUNTED ON THEIR HORSES, WERE AS TEN BRAVES IN THE BATTLE. MAY THESE EAGLE FEATHERS BE AMONG THE FIRST IN THE WAR-BONNETS WHICH THEY, SOME DAY, WILL WEAR PROUDLY.
I HAVE SPOKEN.

A GREAT FEAST WAS HELD AND STRONG BOW AND LITTLE FOX SAT PROUDLY AT TALL TREE'S SIDE. THEY RECEIVED MANY GIFTS BUT NONE MORE TREASURED THAN THE BEAUTIFUL NEW MOCCASINS WENATA MADE FOR THEM. THEN...

MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT GUIDE YOU SAFELY ON YOUR LONG JOURNEY. AND KNOW THIS. FOREVER WILL YOU BE WELCOME IN THE CAMP OF TALL TREE!

GOOD-BYE, WENATA!

BROWN SHOE



Every member of my Buster Brown Gang is going to want one of these bright, colorful neckerchiefs. It's shown here in black and white, but the one you'll get will be in beautiful orange, green and brown. It's big, too—22x24 inches. Notice that it pictures Buster and Tige, Froggy the gremlin, Squeekie the mouse, Grandy the piano and Midnight the cat. And, oh yes, I'm there, too, right in the middle.

Smilin' Ed McConnell

This gleaming gold-colored metal clip comes with every neckerchief. There's a picture of Buster and Tige right in the center. It's an emblem that every member of my gang will be proud to wear.



A neckerchief and clip of this high quality would sell in the stores for 80¢ or more. But these neckerchiefs were made up especially and exclusively for Buster Brown Gang members, and the cost for both the neckerchief and the clip, mailed right to your home, is only 25¢.

HOW TO GET YOUR NECKERCHIEF

It's easy. All you have to do is to fill out the coupon at the right, paste a quarter in the circle shown there and mail to me. Just address the envelope to:

Smilin' Ed McConnell,
P. O. Box 3355,
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

Smilin' Ed McConnell
P. O. Box 3355, St. Louis 3, Missouri
Dear Smilin' Ed:
I am a member of the Buster Brown Gang.
I wear Buster Brown Shoes. I buy them at

PASTE 25¢ HERE

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.....
(DEALER'S ADDRESS)

My name is..... I am...years old.

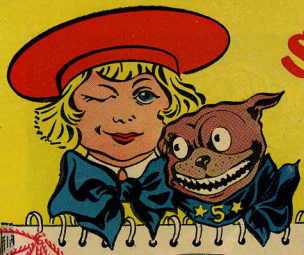
My address is.....

.....

I enclose 25¢ for which please send me the Buster Brown Gang neckerchief and clip.

BUSTER BROWN

SCHOOL DAYS JAMBOREE



"Always look for me and Tige in the shoes you buy!"



In addition to making the most complete line of children's shoes in America the makers of Buster Brown Shoes are the authorized manufacturers of OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT SHOES and OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT SHOES.

OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT SHOE